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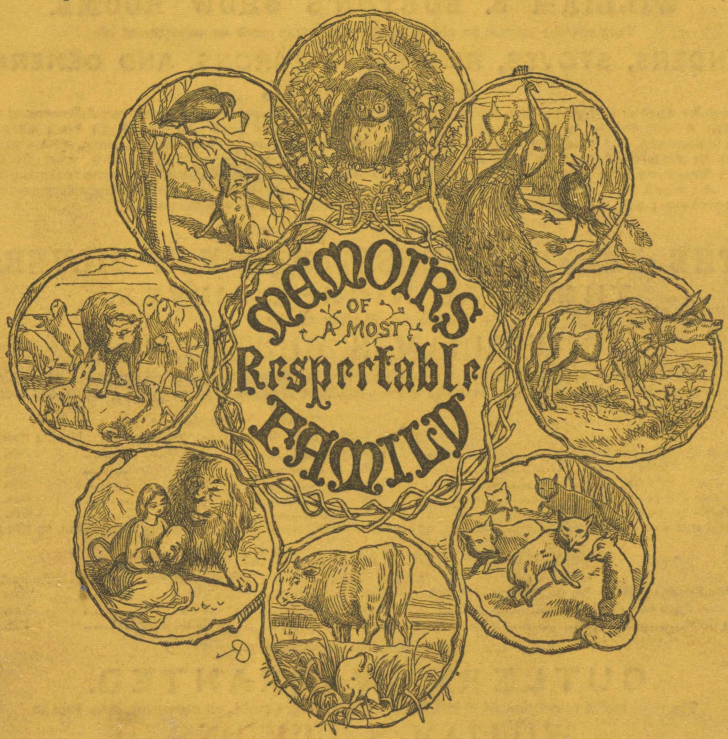

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THE NEWCOMES ADVERTISER.

REDUCTION OF TEA DUTY.

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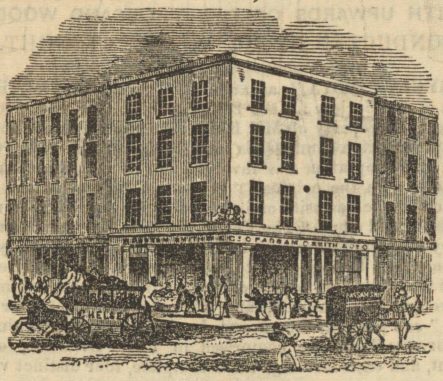

PASSAM SMITH & COMPANY, in handing to their friends and customers a reduced List of Prices, in accordance with the altered Duty, beg to state that all Teas **sold by them** are of the **kind and quality specified** in that list; as for instance, the **Finest Souchong Tea** imported **is sold** by them at 5s. per lb., although from the spirit of competition in price, but certainly not in quality, second and third-rate puffing houses quote Best Lapsang Souchong 3s. 8d., and Best Assam Souchong, 3s. 8d. If charged with falsehood by those who are acquainted with the fact, they excuse themselves by saying it is the best **they keep**, which is at once acknowledging that the **best never forms a part of their Stock**; the cost price, with the present low duty added, being **considerably more** than they profess to retail it at, and as their expenses are large they must have a profit, which, from the rubbish they sell under the name of **best**, is probably much larger than that derived by those dealers who sell really the finest and best imported at fair market value, and which are by far more economical to the consumer.

The same remarks are equally applicable to Coffee. It seems to be the practice with some dealers to quote "**Peculiarly rare and rich Mocha Coffee, 20 years old,**" at 1s. 6d. per lb., when the original price exceeds that at which they profess to sell it, and which, if 20 years' interest of money be added, would not leave them a bare profit even at 3s. per lb. A little reflection upon these matters would prevent the public from being so egregiously deceived, for it is manifestly improbable that any prudent or honest man would be constantly selling his goods at a loss.

BLACK TEAS.

	s.	d.
Sound Common Congou ..... per lb.	2	8
Good full-flavoured Congou .....2s. 10d. to	3	0
Fine rough, full-bodied Congou .....3s. 4d. to	3	8
Very fine Congou, similar to the late East India Company's true, old, Souchong flavour, highly recommended	4	0
Lapsang Souchong, true, rich, and strong.....	4	4
The very finest Lapsang Souchong imported	5	0
The peculiarly rich, new and extraordinary Hyson Pekoe.....	5	0
Fine to finest scented Orange Pekoe .....4s. to	5	0
Finest flowery Pekoe.....	5	0

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	s.	d.
Good Hyson kind, and Young Hyson .....per lb.	2	10
Fine Hyson	4	0
Hyson, superior ditto, strong, full flavoured	4	6
Very Fine Hyson.....	5	0
Hyson, first quality, close leaf, strongly recommended	5	4
Young Hyson, strong burnt.....3s. 6d. to	4	0
Ouchain, recommended.....	5	0
Gunpowder, Imperial, delicate flavour, recommended	4	0
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Gunpowder, fine, strong burnt .....5s. to	5	6
Gunpowder, fine close twisted leaf.....	6	0

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The late **DR. JONATHAN PEREIRA,** Professor at the University of London, Author of "The Elements of Materia Medica, and Therapeutics," &c. &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample ; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medical purposes no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed) "JONATHAN PEREIRA.

"Finsbury Square, London, *April* 16, 1851.

"To Dr. DE JONGH."

Sold Wholesale and Retail, in Bottles, labelled with Dr. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, by

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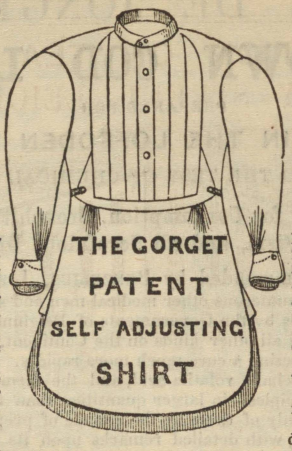
ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN AT THE BACK.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

THE GORGET combines novelty with perfection of Fit, is acknowledged by all to be the easiest fitting Shirt yet made, and, by a simple invention of the Patentees, adjusts itself to all movements of the body, either walking, sitting, or riding. Price, including the REGISTERED ELLIPTIC WRISTBAND, 42s. the half-dozen.

The ELLIPTIC 3-fold COLLAR, quite unique, in all shapes, with PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING, 12s. the dozen. The PATENT ELASTIC COLLAR FASTENING can be attached to any Collar, opening back or front. Six sent by Post on receipt of 13 Postage Stamps.



THE

ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN IN FRONT.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

Directions for Measurement.

1. Round the Chest, over the Shirt.
2. Round the Waist, over the Shirt.
3. Round the Neck, middle of Throat.
4. Round the Wrist.
5. Length of Coat Sleeve, from centre of Back, down seam of Sleeve, to bottom of Cuff.
6. Length of Shirt at back.

The first four measures must be taken *tight*.

Say if the Shirts are to open back or front.

If with Collars attached (3s. the half-dozen extra).

If Buttons or Studs in Front.

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Sample Shirt forwarded upon receipt of a Post Office Order for 8s. 6d.

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W. & J. SANGSTER

have again had manufactured in Lyons and Spitalfields to their order some very rich and costly patterns, of which they respectfully solicit an inspection.

W. & J. S. also beg to say they will receive, in a few weeks, from Canton, another parcel of China Crape Parasol Covers, made expressly for their house, which article was so much admired last season.

Alpaca Parasols are particularly recommended for the sea-side and garden, on account of their great durability.

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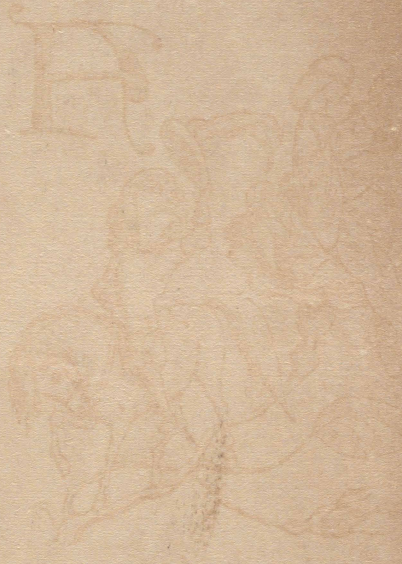
EXTREMELY LIGHT UMBRELLAS FOR LADIES, ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.

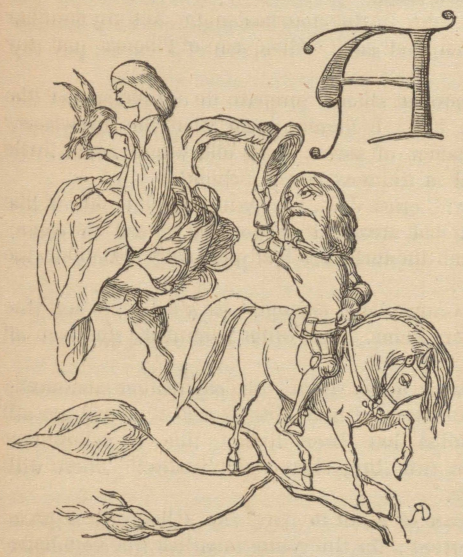
"To Rome."

Farewell.



CHAPTER XXX.

A RETREAT.



AS Clive lay awake revolving the strange incidents of the day, and speculating upon the tragedy in which he had been suddenly called to take a certain part, a sure presentiment told him that his own happy holiday was come to an end, and that the clouds and storm which he had always somehow foreboded, were about to break and obscure this brief pleasant period of sunshine. He rose at a very early hour, flung his windows open, looked out no doubt towards those other windows in the neighbouring hotel, where he may have fancied he saw a curtain stirring, drawn by a hand that every hour now he longed more to press. He turned back into his chamber with a sort of groan, and surveyed some of the relics of the last night's little feast, which still remained on the table. There were the champagne flasks which poor Jack Belsize had emptied, the tall Seltzer-water bottle; from which the gases had issued and mingled with the hot air of the previous night's talk; glasses with dregs of liquor, ashes of cigars, or their black stumps, strewing the cloth; the dead men, the burst guns of yesterday's battle. Early as it was, his neighbour J. J. had been up before him. Clive could hear him singing as was his wont when the pencil went well, and the colours arranged themselves to his satisfaction over his peaceful and happy work.

He pulled his own drawing-table to the window, set out his board

and colour-box, filled a great glass from the Seltzer-water bottle, drank some of the vapid liquor, and plunged his brushes in the rest, with which he began to paint. The work all went wrong. There was no song for him over his labour; he dashed brush and board aside after a while, opened his drawers, pulled out his portmanteaus from under the bed, and fell to packing mechanically. J. J. heard the noise from the next room, and came in smiling, with a great painting-brush in his mouth.

"Have the bills in, J. J.," says Clive. "Leave your cards on your friends, old boy; say good bye to that pretty little strawberry girl whose picture you have been doing; polish it off to-day, and dry the little thing's tears. I read PPC. in the stars last night, and my familiar spirit came to me in a vision, and said, 'Clive, son of Thomas, put thy travelling boots on.'"

Lest any premature moralist should prepare to cry fie against the good, pure-minded little J. J., I hereby state that his strawberry girl was a little village maiden of seven years old, whose sweet little picture a bishop purchased at the next year's Exhibition.

"Are you going already?" cries J. J., removing the bit out of his mouth. "I thought you had arranged parties for a week to come, and that the princesses and the duchesses had positively forbidden the departure of your lordship!"

"We have dallied at Capua long enough," says Clive; "and the legions have the route for Rome. So wills Hannibal, the son of Hasdrubal."

"The son of Hasdrubal is quite right," his companion answered; "the sooner we march the better. I have always said it; I will get all the accounts in. Hannibal has been living like a voluptuous Carthaginian prince. One, two, three champagne bottles! There will be a deuce of a bill to pay."

"Ah! there *will* be a deuce of a bill to pay," says Clive with a groan whereof J. J. knew the portent; for the young men had the confidence of youth one in another. Clive was accustomed to pour out his full heart to any crony who was near him; and indeed had he spoken never a word, his growing attachment to his cousin was not hard to see. A hundred times, and with the glowing language and feelings of youth, with the fire of his twenty years, with the ardour of a painter, he had spoken of her and described her. Her magnanimous simplicity, her courage and lofty scorn, her kindness towards her little family, her form, her glorious colour of rich carnation and dazzling white, her queenly grace when quiescent and in motion, had constantly formed the subjects of this young gentleman's ardent eulogies. As he looked at a great picture or statue, as the Venus of Milo, calm and deep, unfathomably beautiful as the sea from which she sprung; as he looked at the rushing Aurora of the Rospigliosi, or the Assumption of Titian, more bright and glorious than sunshine, or that divine Madonna and divine Infant, of Dresden, whose sweet faces must have shone upon Raphael out of heaven; his heart sang hymns, as it were,

before these gracious altars; and, somewhat as he worshipped these masterpieces of his art he admired the beauty of Ethel.

J. J. felt these things exquisitely after his manner, and enjoyed honest Clive's mode of celebration and rapturous fioriture of song; but Ridley's natural note was much gentler, and he sang his hymns in plaintive minors. Ethel was all that was bright and beautiful, but—but she was engaged to Lord Kew. The shrewd kind confidant used gently to hint the sad fact to the impetuous hero of this piece. The impetuous hero knew this quite well. As he was sitting over his painting-board, he would break forth frequently, after his manner, in which laughter and sentiment were mingled, and roar out with all the force of his healthy young lungs—

"But her heart it is another's, she never—can—be—mine;"

and then hero and confidant would laugh each at his drawing table. Miss Ethel went between the two gentlemen by the name of Alice Grey.

Very likely Night, the Grey Mentor, had given Clive Newcome the benefit of his sad counsel. Poor Belsize's agony, and the wretchedness of the young lady who shared in the desperate passion, may have set our young man a thinking; and Lord Kew's frankness and courage, and honour, whereof Clive had been a witness during the night, touched his heart with a generous admiration, and manned him for a trial which he felt was indeed severe. He thought of the dear old father ploughing the seas on the way to his duty, and was determined, by Heaven's help, to do his own. Only three weeks since, when strolling careless about Bonn he had lighted upon Ethel and the laughing group of little cousins, he was a boy as they were, thinking but of the enjoyment of the day and the sunshine, as careless as those children. And now the thoughts and passions which had sprung up in a week or two, had given him an experience such as years do not always furnish; and our friend was to show, not only that he could feel love in his heart, but that he could give proof of courage and self-denial and honour.

"Do you remember, J. J.," says he, as boots and breeches went plunging into the portmanteau, and with immense energy he pummels down one upon the other, "do you remember (a dig into the snowy bosom of a dress cambric shirt), my dear old father's only campaign story of his running away (a frightful blow into the ribs of a waistcoat), running away at Asseer-Ghur?"

"Asseer-What?" says J. J., wondering.

"The siege of Asseer-Ghur!" says Clive, "fought in the eventful year 1803; Lieutenant Newcome, who has very neat legs, let me tell you, which also he has imparted to his descendants, had put on a new pair of leather breeches, for he likes to go handsomely dressed into action. His horse was shot, the enemy were upon him, and the governor had to choose between death and retreat I have heard his brother officers

say that my dear old father was the bravest man they ever knew, the coolest hand, sir. What do you think it was Lieutenant Newcome's

duty to do under these circumstances? To remain alone as he was, his troop having turned about, and to be cut down by the Mahratta horsemen—to perish or to run, sir?"

"I know which I should have done," says Ridley.

"Exactly. Lieutenant Newcome adopted that course. His bran new leather breeches were exceedingly tight, and greatly incommoded the rapidity of his retreating movement, but he ran away, sir, and afterwards begot your obedient servant. That is the history of the battle of Asseer-Ghur."

"And now for the moral," says J. J., not a little amused.

"J. J., old boy, this is my battle of Asseer-Ghur. I am off. Dip into the money-bag: pay the people: be generous, J. J., but not too prodigal. The chamber-maid is ugly, yet let her not want for a crown to console her at our departure. The waiters have been brisk and servile, reward the slaves for their labours. Forget not the humble boots, so shall he bless us when we depart. For artists are gentlemen, though Ethel does not think so. De—No—God bless her, God bless her," groans out Clive, cramming his two fists into his eyes. If Ridley admired him before, he thought none the worse of him now. And if any generous young fellow in life reads the Fable, which may possibly

concern him, let him take a senior's counsel and remember that there are perils in our battle, God help us, from which the bravest had best run away.

Early as the morning yet was, Clive had a visitor, and the door opened to let in Lord Kew's honest face. Ridley retreated before it into his own den, the appearance of earls scared the modest painter, though he was proud and pleased that his Clive should have their company. Lord Kew indeed lived in more splendid apartments on the first floor of the hotel, Clive and his friend occupying a couple of spacious chambers on the second story. "You are an early bird," says Kew. "I got up myself in a panic before daylight almost, Jack was making a deuce of a row in his room, and fit to blow the door out. I have been coaxing him for this hour; I wish we had thought of giving him a dose of laudanum last night; if it finished him, poor old boy, it would do him no harm." And then, laughing, he gave Clive an account of his interview with Barnes on the previous night. "You seem to be packing up to go, too," says Lord Kew, with a momentary glance of humour darting from his keen eyes. "The weather is breaking up here, and if you are going to cross the St. Gothard, as the Newcomes told me, the sooner the better. It's bitter cold over the mountains in October"

"Very cold," says Clive, biting his nails.

"Post or Vett.?" asks my Lord.

"I bought a carriage at Frankfort," says Clive, in an off-hand manner.

"Hulloh!" cries the other, who was perfectly kind, and entirely frank and pleasant, and showed no difference in his conversation with men of any degree, except perhaps that to his inferiors in station he was a little more polite than to his equals, but who would as soon have thought of a young artist leaving Baden in a carriage of his own as of his riding away on a dragon

"I only gave twenty pounds for the carriage, it's a little light thing, we are two, a couple of horses carry us and our traps, you know, and we can stop where we like. I don't depend upon my profession," Clive added, with a blush. "I made three guineas once, and that is the only money I ever gained in my life."

"Of course, my dear fellow, have not I been to your father's house? At that pretty ball, and seen no end of fine people there? We are young swells. I know that very well. We only paint for pleasure."

"We are artists, and we intend to paint for money, my lord," says Clive. "Will your lordship give me an order?"

"My lordship serves me right," the other said. "I think, Newcome, as you are going, I think you might do some folks here a good turn, though the service is rather a disagreeable one. Jack Belsize is not fit to be left alone. I can't go away from here just now for reasons of state. Do be a good fellow and take him with you. Put the Alps between him and this confounded business, and if I can serve you in any way I shall be delighted, if you will furnish me with the occasion. Jack does not know yet that our amiable Barnes is here. I know how

fond you are of him. I have heard the story—glass of claret and all. We all love Barnes. How that poor Lady Clara can have accepted him the Lord knows. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, especially women."

"Good heavens," Clive broke out, "can it be possible that a young creature can have been brought to like such a selfish, insolent, coxcomb as that, such a cocktail as Barnes Newcome? You know very well, Lord Kew, what his life is. There was a poor girl whom he brought out of a Newcome factory when he was a boy himself, and might have had a heart one would have thought, whom he ill-treated, whom he deserted, and flung out of doors without a penny, upon some pretence of her infidelity towards him; who came and actually sat down on the steps of Park Lane with a child on each side of her, and not their cries and their hunger, but the fear of his own shame and a dread of a police court forced him to give her a maintenance. I never see the fellow but I loathe him, and long to kick him out of window: and this man is to marry a noble young lady because forsooth he is a partner in a bank, and heir to seven or eight thousand a year. O, it is a shame, it is a shame! It makes me sick when I think of the lot which the poor thing is to endure."

"It is not a nice story," said Lord Kew, rolling a cigarette; "Barnes is not a nice man. I give you that in. You have not heard it talked about in the family, have you?"

"Good heavens! you don't suppose that I would speak to Ethel, to Miss Newcome, about such a foul subject as that?" cries Clive. "I never mentioned it to my own father. He would have turned Barnes out of his doors if he had known it."

"It was the talk about town, I know," Kew said dryly. "Every thing is told in those confounded clubs. I told you I give up Barnes I like him no more than you do. He may have treated the woman ill, I suspect he has not an angelical temper: but in this matter he has not been so bad, so very bad as it would seem. The first step is wrong of course—those factory towns—that sort of thing you know—well, well, the commencement of the business is a bad one. But he is not the only sinner in London. He has declared on his honour to me when the matter was talked about, and he was coming on for election at Bay's, and was as nearly pilled as any man I ever knew in my life,—he declared on his word that he only parted from Mrs. Delacy (Mrs. Delacy the poor devil used to call herself) because he found that she had served him—as such women will serve men. He offered to send his children to school in Yorkshire—rather a cheap school—but she would not part with them. She made a scandal in order to get good terms and she succeeded. He was anxious to break the connexion: he owned it had hung like a millstone round his neck and caused him a great deal of remorse—annoyance you may call it. He was immensely cut up about it. I remember, when that fellow was hanged for murdering a woman, Barnes said he did not wonder at his having done it. Young men make those connexions in their early lives and rue them all their days

after. He was heartily sorry, that we may take for granted. He wished to lead a proper life. My grandmother managed this business with the Dorkings. Lady Kew still pulls stroke oar in our boat, you know, and the old woman will not give up her place. They know everything, the elders do. He is a clever fellow. He is witty in his way. When he likes he can make himself quite agreeable to some people. There has been no sort of force. You don't suppose young ladies are confined in dungeons and subject to tortures, do you? But there is a brood of Pulleyns at Chanticlere, and old Dorking has nothing to give them. His daughter accepted Barnes of her own free-will, he knowing perfectly well of that previous affair with Jack. The poor devil bursts into the place yesterday and the girl drops down in a faint. She will see Belsize this very day if he likes. I took a note from Lady Dorking to him at five o'clock this morning. If he fancies that there is any constraint put upon Lady Clara's actions she will tell him with her own lips that she has acted of her own free will. She will marry the husband she has chosen and do her duty by him. You are quite a young un who boil and froth up with indignation at the idea that a girl hardly off with an old love should take on with a new—"

"I am not indignant with her," says Clive, "for breaking with Belsize, but for marrying Barnes."

"You hate him, and you know he is your enemy; and, indeed, young fellow, he does not compliment you in talking about you. A pretty young scapegrace he has made *you* out to be, and very likely thinks you to be. It depends on the colours in which a fellow is painted. Our friends and our enemies draw us,—and I often think both pictures are like," continued the easy world-philosopher. "You hate Barnes, and cannot see any good in him. He sees none in you. There have been tremendous shindies in Park Lane *àpropos* of your worship, and of a subject which I don't care to mention," said Lord Kew, with some dignity; "and what is the upshot of all this malevolence? I like you; I like your father, I think he is a noble old boy; there are those who represented him as a sordid schemer. Give Mr. Barnes the benefit of common charity at any rate; and let others like him, if you do not.

"And as for this romance of love," the young nobleman went on, kindling as he spoke, and forgetting the slang and colloquialisms with which we garnish all our conversation—"this fine picture of Jenny and Jessamy falling in love at first sight, billing and cooing in an arbour, and retiring to a cottage afterwards to go on cooing and billing—Pshaw! what folly is this! It is good for romances, and for Misses to sigh about; but any man who walks through the world with his eyes open, knows how senseless is all this rubbish. I don't say that a young man and woman are not to meet, and to fall in love that instant, and to marry that day year, and love each other till they are a hundred; that is the supreme lot—but that is the lot which the gods only grant to Baucis and Philemon, and a very, very few besides. As for the rest, they must compromise; make themselves as comfortable

as they can, and take the good and the bad together. And as for Jenny and Jessamy, by Jove! look round among your friends, count up the love matches, and see what has been the end of most of them! Love in a cottage! Who is to pay the landlord for the cottage? Who is to pay for Jenny's tea and cream, and Jessamy's mutton chops? If he has cold mutton, he will quarrel with her. If there is nothing in the cupboard, a pretty meal they make. No, you cry out against people in our world making money marriages. Why, kings and queens marry on the same understanding. My butcher has saved a stocking full of money, and marries his daughter to a young salesman. Mr. and Mrs. Salesman prosper in life, and get an alderman's daughter for their son. My attorney looks out amongst his clients for an eligible husband for Miss Deeds; sends his son to the bar, into Parliament, where he cuts a figure and becomes attorney-general, makes a fortune, has a house in Belgrave Square, and marries Miss Deeds of the second generation to a peer. Do not accuse us of being more sordid than our neighbours. We do but as the world does; and a girl in our society accepts the best party which offers itself, just as Miss Chummey, when entreated by two young gentlemen of the order of costermongers, inclines to the one who rides from market on a moke, rather than to the gentleman who sells his greens from a handbasket."

This tirade, which his lordship delivered with considerable spirit, was intended no doubt to carry a moral for Clive's private hearing; and which, to do him justice, the youth was not slow to comprehend. The point was, "Young man, if certain persons of rank choose to receive you very kindly, who have but a comely face, good manners, and three or four hundred pounds a-year, do not presume upon their good nature, or indulge in certain ambitious hopes which your vanity may induce you to form. Sail down the stream with the brass-pots, Master Earthen-pot, but beware of coming too near! You are a nice young man, but there are some prizes which are too good for you, and are meant for your betters. And you might as well ask the prime minister for the next vacant garter, as expect to wear on your breast such a star as Ethel Newcome."

Before Clive made his accustomed visit to his friends at the hotel opposite, the last great potentiary had arrived who was to take part in the family congress of Baden. In place of Ethel's flushing cheeks and bright eyes, Clive, found on entering Lady Ann Newcome's sitting-room, the parchment-covered features, and the well-known hooked beak of the old Countess of Kew. To support the glances from beneath the bushy black eyebrows on each side of that promontory was no pleasant matter. The whole family cowered under Lady Kew's eyes and nose, and she ruled by force of them. It was only Ethel whom these awful features did not utterly subdue and dismay.

Besides Lady Kew, Clive had the pleasure of finding his lordship, her grandson, Lady Ann and children of various sizes, and Mr. Barnes; not one of whom was the person whom Clive desired to behold.

The queer glance in Kew's eye directed towards Clive, who was

himself not by any means deficient in perception, informed him that there had just been a conversation in which his own name had figured. Having been abusing Clive extravagantly, as he did whenever he mentioned his cousin's name, Barnes must needs hang his head when the young fellow came in. His hand was yet on the chamber-door, and Barnes was calling him miscreant and scoundrel within; so no wonder Barnes had a hangdog look. But as for Lady Kew, that veteran diplomatist allowed no signs of discomfiture, or any other emotion, to display themselves on her ancient countenance. Her bushy eyebrows were groves of mystery, her unfathomable eyes were wells of gloom.

She gratified Clive by a momentary loan of two knuckly old fingers, which he was at liberty to hold or to drop; and then he went on to enjoy the felicity of shaking hands with Mr. Barnes, who, observing and enjoying his confusion over Lady's Kew's reception, determined to try Clive in the same way, and he gave Clive at the same time a supercilious "How de dah," which the other would have liked to drive down his throat. A constant desire to throttle Mr. Barnes—to beat him on the nose—to send him flying out of window, was a sentiment with which this singular young man inspired many persons whom he accosted. A biographer ought to be impartial, yet I own, in a modified degree, to have partaken of this sentiment. He looked very much younger than his actual time of life, and was not of commanding stature; but patronised his equals, nay, let us say, his betters, so insufferably, that a common wish for his suppression existed amongst many persons in society.

Clive told me of this little circumstance, and I am sorry to say of his own subsequent ill-behaviour. "We were standing apart from the ladies," so Clive narrated, "when Barnes and I had our little passage of arms. He had tried the finger business upon me before, and I had before told him, either to shake hands or to leave it alone. You know the way in which the impudent little beggar stands astride, and sticks his little feet out. I brought my heel well down on his confounded little varnished toe, and gave it a scrunch which made Mr. Barnes shriek out one of his loudest oaths."

"D— clumsy ——," screamed out Barnes.

Clive said, in a low voice, "I thought you only swore at women, Barnes."

"It is you that say things before women, Clive," cries his cousin, looking very furious.

Mr. Clive lost all patience. "In what company, Barnes, would you like me to say, that I think you are a snob? Will you have it on the Parade? Come out and I will speak to you."

"Barnes can't go out on the parade," cries Lord Kew, bursting out laughing, "there's another gentleman there wanting him." And two of the three young men enjoyed this joke exceedingly. I doubt whether Barnes Newcome Newcome, Esq., of Newcome, was one of the persons amused.

"What wickedness are you three boys laughing at?" cries Lady Ann, perfectly innocent and good-natured; "no good I will be bound. Come here, Clive." Our young friend, it must be premised, had no

sooner received the thrust of Lady Kew's two fingers on entering, than it had been intimated to him that his interview with that gracious lady was at an end. For she had instantly called her daughter to her, with whom her ladyship fell a-whispering; and then it was that Clive retreated from Lady Kew's hand, to fall into Barnes's.

"Clive trod on Barnes's toe," cries out cheery Lord Kew, "and has hurt Barnes's favourite corn so that he cannot go out, and is actually obliged to keep the room. That's what we were laughing at."

"Hem!" growled Lady Kew. She knew to what her grandson alluded. Lord Kew had represented Jack Belsize, and his thundering big stick, in the most terrific colours to the family council. The joke was too good a one not to serve twice.

Lady Ann, in her whispered conversation with the old Countess, had possibly deprecated her mother's anger towards poor Clive, for when he came up to the two ladies, the younger took his hand with great kindness, and said, "My dear Clive, we are very sorry you are going. You were of the greatest use to us in the journey. I am sure you have been uncommonly good-natured and obliging, and we shall all miss you very much." Her gentleness smote the generous young fellow, and an emotion of gratitude towards her for being so compassionate to him in his misery, caused his cheeks to blush and his eyes perhaps to moisten. "Thank you, dear aunt," says he, "you have been very good and kind to me. It is I that shall feel lonely; but—but it is quite time that I should go to my work."

"Quite time!" said the severe possessor of the eagle beak. "Baden is a bad place for young men. They make acquaintances here of which very little good can come. They frequent the gambling tables, and live with the most disreputable French Viscounts. We have heard of your goings on, sir. It is a great pity that Colonel Newcome did not take you with him to India."

"My dear mamma," cries Lady Ann, "I am sure Clive has been a very good boy indeed." The old lady's morality put a stop to Clive's pathetic mood, and he replied with a great deal of spirit, "Dear Lady Ann, you have been always very good, and kindness is nothing surprising from you; but Lady Kew's advice, which I should not have ventured to ask, is an unexpected favour; my father knows the extent of the gambling transactions to which your ladyship was pleased to allude, and introduced me to the gentleman whose acquaintance you don't seem to think eligible."

"My good young man, I think it is time you were off," Lady Kew said this time with great good-humour; she liked Clive's spirit, and as long as he interfered with none of her plans, was quite disposed to be friendly with him. "Go to Rome, go to Florence, go wherever you like, and study very hard, and make very good pictures, and come back again, and we shall all be very glad to see you. You have very great talents—these sketches are really capital."

"Is not he very clever, mamma?" said kind Lady Ann, eagerly. Clive felt the pathetic mood coming on again, and an immense desire

to hug Lady Ann in his arms, and to kiss her. How grateful are we —how touched a frank and generous heart is for a kind word extended to us in our pain! The pressure of a tender hand nerves a man for an operation, and cheers him for the dreadful interview with the surgeon.

That cool old operator, who had taken Mr Clive's case in hand, now produced her shining knife, and executed the first cut with perfect neatness and precision. "We are come here, as I suppose you know, Mr. Newcome, upon family matters, and I frankly tell you that I think, for your own sake, you would be much better away. I wrote my daughter a great scolding when I heard that you were in this place."

"But it was by the merest chance, mamma, indeed it was," cries Lady Ann.

"Of course, by the merest chance, and by the merest chance I heard of it too. A little bird came and told me at Kissingen. You have no more sense, Ann, than a goose. I have told you so a hundred times. Lady Ann requested you to stay, and I, my good young friend, request you to go away."

"I needed no request," said Clive. "My going, Lady Kew, is my own act. I was going without requiring any guide to show me to the door."

"No doubt you were, and my arrival is the signal for Mr. Newcome's *bon jour*. I am Bogey, and I frighten everybody away. By the scene which you witnessed yesterday, my good young friend, and all that painful *esclandre* on the promenade, you must see how absurd, and dangerous, and wicked—yes, wicked it is for parents to allow intimacies to spring up between young people, which can only lead to disgrace and unhappiness. Lady Dorking was another good-natured goose. I had not arrived yesterday ten minutes, when my maid came running in to tell me of what had occurred on the promenade; and, tired as I was, I went that instant to Jane Dorking and passed the evening with her, and that poor little creature to whom Captain Belsize behaved so cruelly. She does not care a fig for him—not one fig. Her childish inclination is passed away these two years, whilst Mr. Jack was performing his feats in prison; and if the wretch flatters himself that it was on his account she was agitated yesterday, he is perfectly mistaken, and you may tell him Lady Kew said so. She is subject to fainting fits. Dr. Finck has been attending her ever since she has been here. She fainted only last Tuesday at the sight of a rat walking about their lodgings (they have dreadful lodgings, the Dorkings), and no wonder she was frightened at the sight of that great coarse tipsy wretch! She is engaged, as you know, to your connexion, my grandson Barnes:—in all respects a most eligible union. The rank of life of the parties suits them to one another. She is a good young woman, and Barnes has experienced from persons of another sort such horrors, that he will know the blessing of domestic virtue. It was high time he should. I say all this in perfect frankness to you.

"Go back again and play in the garden, little brats" (this to the

innocents who came frisking in from the lawn in front of the windows) "You have been? And Barnes sent you in here? Go up to Miss Quigley. No, stop. Go and tell Ethel to come down; bring her down with you. Do you understand?"

The unconscious infants toddle up-stairs to their sister; and Lady Kew blandly says, "Ethel's engagement to my grandson, Lord Kew, has long been settled in our family, though these things are best not talked about until they are quite determined, you know, my dear Mr. Newcome. When we saw you and your father in London, we heard that you too—that you too were engaged to a young lady in your own rank of life, a Miss—what was her name?—Miss Mac Pherson, Miss Mackenzie. Your aunt, Mrs. Hodson Newcome, who I must say is a most blundering silly person, had set about this story. It appears there is no truth in it. Do not look surprised that I know about your affairs. I am an old witch, and know numbers of things."

And, indeed, how Lady Kew came to know this fact, whether her maid corresponded with Lady Ann's maid, what her ladyship's means of information were, avowed or occult, this biographer has never been able to ascertain. Very likely, Ethel, who in these last three weeks had been made aware of that interesting circumstance, had announced it to Lady Kew in the course of a cross-examination, and there may have been a battle between the grand-daughter and the grandmother, of which the family chronicler of the Newcomes has had no precise knowledge. That there were many such I know—skirmishes, sieges, and general engagements. When we hear the guns, and see the wounded, we know there has been a fight. Who knows had there been a battle royal, and was Miss Newcome having her wounds dressed up-stairs?

"You will like to say good-bye to your cousin, I know," Lady Kew continued, with imperturbable placidity. "Ethel, my dear, here is Mr. Clive Newcome, who has come to bid us all good-bye." The little girls came trotting down at this moment, each holding a skirt of their elder sister. She looked rather pale, but her expression was haughty —almost fierce.

Clive rose up as she entered, from the sofa by the old Countess's side, which place she had pointed him to take during the amputation. He rose up and put his hair back off his face, and said very calmly, "Yes, I am come to say good-bye. My holidays are over, and Ridley and I are off for Rome; good-bye, and God bless you, Ethel."

She gave him her hand and said, "Good-bye, Clive," but her hand did not return his pressure, and dropped to her side, when he let it go.

Hearing the words good-bye little Alice burst into a howl, and little Maude, who was an impetuous little thing, stamped her little red shoes and said, "It san't be good-bye. Tlive san't go." Alice roaring, clung hold of Clive's trowsers. He took them up gaily, each on an arm, as he had done a hundred times, and tossed the children on to his shoulders, where they used to like to pull his yellow mustachios. He kissed the little hands and faces, and a moment after was gone.

"Qu'as tu," says M. de Florac, meeting him going over the bridge to his own hotel. "Qu'as tu, mon petit Claive. Est-ce qu'on vient de t'arracher une dent?"

"C'est ça," says Clive, and walked into the Hôtel de France. "Hulloh! J. J.! Ridley!" he sang out. "Order the trap out and let's be off." "I thought we were not to march till to-morrow," says J. J., divining perhaps that some catastrophe had occurred. Indeed, Mr. Clive was going a day sooner than he had intended. He woke at Fribourg the next morning. It was the grand old cathedral he looked at, not Baden of the pine-clad hills, of the pretty walks and the lime-tree avenues. Not Baden, the prettiest booth of all Vanity Fair. The crowds and the music, the gambling tables and the cadaverous croupiers and chinking gold, were far out of sight and hearing. There was one window in the Hôtel de Hollande that he thought of, how a fair arm used to open it in the early morning, how the muslin curtain in the morning air swayed to and fro. He would have given how much to see it once more! Walking about at Fribourg in the night, away from his companions, he had thought of ordering horses, galloping back to Baden, and once again under that window, calling Ethel, Ethel. But he came back to his room and the quiet J. J., and to poor Jack Belsize, who had had his tooth taken out, too.

We had almost forgotten Jack, who took a back seat in Clive's carriage, as befits a secondary personage in this history, and Clive in truth had almost forgotten him too. But Jack having his own cares and business, and having rammed his own carpet-bag, brought it down without a word, and Clive found him environed in smoke when he came down to take his place in the little britzska. I wonder whether the window at the Hôtel de Hollande saw him go? There are some curtains behind which no historian, however prying, is allowed to peep.

"Tiens, le petit part," says Florac of the cigar, who was always sauntering. "Yes, we go," says Clive. "There is a fourth place, Viscount; will you come too?"

"I would love it well," replies Florac, "but I am here in faction. My cousin and Seigneur M. le Duc d'Ivry is coming all the way from Bagnères de Bigorre. He says he counts on me:—affaires d'état, mon cher, affaires d'état."

"How pleased the duchess will be. Easy with that bag!" shouts Clive. "How pleased the princess will be." In truth he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Vous croyez; vous croyez," says M. de Florac. "As you have a fourth place I know who had best take it."

"And who is that?" asked the young traveller.

Lord Kew and Barnes, Esq., of Newcome, came out of the Hôtel de Hollande at this moment. Barnes slunk back, seeing Jack Belsize's hairy face. Kew ran over the bridge. "Good-bye, Clive. Good-bye, Jack." "Good-bye, Kew." It was a great handshaking. Away goes the postillion blowing his horn, and young Hannibal has left Capua behind him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MADAME LA DUCHESSE.

ONE of Clive Newcome's letters from Baden, the young man described to me, with considerable humour and numerous illustrations as his wont was, a great lady to whom he was presented at that watering place by his friend Lord Kew. Lord Kew had travelled in the East with Monsieur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry—the prince being an old friend of his lordship's family. He is the 'Q' of Madame d'Ivry's book of travels, "Footprints of the Gazelles, by a daughter of the Crusaders," in which she prays so fervently for Lord Kew's conversion. He is the Q who rescued the princess from the Arabs, and performed many a feat which lives in her glowing pages. He persists in saying that he never rescued Madame la Princesse from any Arabs at all, except from one beggar who was bawling out for bucksheesh, and whom Kew drove away with a stick. They made pilgrimages to all the holy places, and a piteous sight it was, said Lord Kew, to see the old prince in the Jerusalem processions at Easter pacing with bare feet and a candle. Here Lord Kew separated from the prince's party. His name does not occur in the last part of the "Footprints;" which, in truth, are filled full of strange rhapsodies, adventures which nobody ever saw but the princess, and mystic disquisitions. She hesitates at nothing, like other poets of her nation: not profoundly learned, she invents where she has not acquired: mingles together religion and the opera; and performs Parisian pas-de-ballet before the gates of monasteries and the cells of anchorites. She describes as if she had herself witnessed the catastrophe—the passage of the Red Sea: and, as if there were no doubt of the transaction, an unhappy love affair between Pharaoh's eldest son and Moses's daughter. At Cairo, *àpropos* of Joseph's granaries, she enters into a furious tirade against Putiphar, whom she paints as an old savage, suspicious and a tyrant. They generally have a copy of the "Footprints of the Gazelles"

at the Circulating Library at Baden, as Madame d'Ivry constantly visits that watering-place. M. le Duc was not pleased with the book, which was published entirely without his concurrence, and which he described as one of the ten thousand follies of Madame la Duchesse.

This nobleman was five and forty years older than his duchess. France is the country where that sweet Christian institution of *mariages de convenance* (which so many folks of the family about which this story treats are engaged in arranging), is most in vogue. There the newspapers daily announce that M. de Foy has a *bureau de confiance*, where families may arrange marriages for their sons and daughters in perfect comfort and security. It is but a question of money on one side and the other. Mademoiselle has so many francs of *dot;* Monsieur has such and such *rentes* or lands in possession or reversion, an *étude d'avoué*, a shop with a certain *clientèle* bringing him such and such an income, which may be doubled by the judicious addition of so much capital, and the pretty little matrimonial arrangement is concluded (the agent touching his per centage), or broken off, and nobody unhappy, and the world none the wiser. The consequences of the system I do not pretend personally to know; but if the light literature of a country is a reflex of its manners, and French novels are a picture of French life, a pretty society must that be into the midst of which the London reader may walk in twelve hours from this time of perusal, and from which only twenty miles of sea separate us.

When the old Duke d'Ivry, of the ancient ancient nobility of France, an emigrant with Artois, a warrior with Condé, an exile during the reign of the Corsican usurper, a grand prince, a great nobleman afterwards, though shorn of nineteen-twentieths of his wealth by the revolution,—when the Duke d'Ivry lost his two sons, and his son's son likewise died, as if fate had determined to end the direct line of that noble house, which had furnished queens to Europe, and renowned chiefs to the Crusaders—being of an intrepid spirit, the Duke was ill-disposed to yield to his redoubtable enemy, in spite of the cruel blows which the latter had inflicted upon him, and when he was more than sixty years of age, three months before the July Revolution broke out, a young lady of a sufficient nobility, a virgin of sixteen, was brought out of the convent of the Sacré Cœur at Paris, and married with immense splendour and ceremony to this princely widower. The most august names signed the book of the civil marriage. Madame la Dauphine and Madame la Duchesse de Berri complimented the young bride with royal favours. Her portrait by Dubufe was in the Exhibition next year, a charming young duchess indeed, with black eyes, and black ringlets, pearls on her neck, and diamonds in her hair, as beautiful as a princess of a fairy tale. M. d'Ivry, whose early life may have been rather oragious, was yet a gentleman perfectly well conserved. Resolute against fate his enemy, (one would fancy fate was of an aristocratic turn, and took especial delight in combats with princely houses; the Atridæ, the Borbonidæ, the Ivrys,—the Browns and Jones's being of no

account), the prince seemed to be determined not only to secure a progeny, but to defy age. At sixty he was still young, or seemed to be so. His hair was as black as the princess's own, his teeth as white. If you saw him on the Boulevard de Gand, sunning among the youthful exquisites there, or riding au Bois, with a grace worthy of old Franconi himself, you would take him for one of the young men, of whom indeed up to his marriage, he retained a number of the graceful follies and amusements, though his manners had a dignity acquired in the old days of Versailles and the Trianon, which the moderns cannot hope to imitate. He was assiduous behind the scenes of the Opera as any journalist, or any young dandy of twenty years. He "ranged himself," as the French phrase is, shortly before his marriage, just like any other young bachelor: took leave of Phryne and Aspasie in the coulisses, and proposed to devote himself henceforth to his charming young wife.

The affreux catastrophe of July arrived. The ancient Bourbons were once more on the road to exile, (save one wily old remnant of the race, who rode grinning over the Barricades, and distributing *poignées de main* to the stout fists that had pummelled his family out of France). M. le Duc d'Ivry, who lost his place at court, his appointments which helped his income very much, and his peerage, would no more acknowledge the usurper of Neuilly, than him of Elba. The ex-peer retired to his terres He barricaded his house in Paris against all supporters of the citizen King; his nearest kinsman, M. de Florac, among the rest, who for his part cheerfully took his oath of fidelity, and his seat in Louis Philippe's house of peers, having indeed been accustomed to swear to all dynasties for some years past.

In due time Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry gave birth to a child, a daughter, whom her noble father received with but small pleasure What the Duke desired, was an heir to his name, a Prince de Montcontour, to fill the place of the sons and grandsons gone before him, to join their ancestors in the tomb. No more children however blessed the old duke's union. Madame d'Ivry went the round of all the watering places: pilgrimages were tried: vows and gifts to all saints supposed to be favourable to the d'Ivry family, or to families in general:—but the saints turned a deaf ear; they were inexorable since the true religion and the elder Bourbons were banished from France.

Living by themselves in their ancient castles, or their dreary mansion of the Faubourg St. Germain, I suppose the Duke and Duchess grew tired of one another, as persons who enter into a *mariage de convenance* sometimes, nay, as those who light a flaming love match, and run away with one another, will be found to do. A lady of one-and-twenty, and a gentleman of sixty-six, alone in a great castle, have not unfrequently a third guest at their table, who comes without a card, and whom they cannot shut out, though they keep their doors closed ever so. His name is Ennui, and many a long hour and weary weary night must

such folks pass in the unbidden society of this Old Man of the Sea; this daily guest at the board; this watchful attendant at the fireside; this assiduous companion who *will* walk out with you; this sleepless restless bedfellow.

At first, M. d'Ivry, that well conserved nobleman who never would allow that he was not young, exhibited no sign of doubt regarding his own youth except an extreme jealousy and avoidance of all other young fellows. Very likely Madame la Duchesse may have thought men in general dyed their hair, wore stays, and had the rheumatism. Coming out of the convent of the Sacré Cœur, how was the innocent young lady to know better? You see, in these mariages de convenance, though a coronet may be convenient to a beautiful young creature, and a beautiful young creature may be convenient to an old gentleman, there are articles which the marriage-monger cannot make to convene at all: tempers over which M. de Foy and his like have no control; and tastes which cannot be put into the marriage settlements. So this couple were unhappy, and the Duke and Duchess quarrelled with one another like the most vulgar pair who ever fought across a table.

In this unhappy state of home affairs, Madame took to literature, Monsieur to politics. She discovered that she was a great unappreciated soul, and when a woman finds that treasure in her bosom, of course she sets her own price on the article. Did you ever see the first poems of Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, "Les Cris de l'Âme?" She used to read them to her very intimate friends, in white, with her hair a good deal down her back. They had some success. Dubufe having painted her as a Duchess; Scheffer depicted her as a Muse. That was in the third year of her marriage, when she rebelled against the Duke her husband, insisted on opening her saloons to art and literature, and, a fervent devotee still, proposed to unite genius and religion. Poets had interviews with her. Musicians came and twanged guitars to her. Her husband, entering her room, would fall over the sabre and spurs of Count Almaviva from the boulevard, or Don Basilio with his great sombrero and shoe buckles. The old gentleman was breathless and bewildered in following her through all her vagaries. He was of old France, she of new. What did he know of the École Romantique, and these jeunes gens with their Marie Tudors and Tours de Nesle, and sanguineous histories of queens who sewed their lovers into sacks, emperors who had interviews with robber captains in Charlemagne's tomb, Buridans and Hernanis, and stuff? Monsieur le Vicomte de Chateaubriand was a man of genius as a writer, certainly immortal; and M. de Lamartine was a young man extremely *bien pensant*, but, ma foi, give him *Crébillon fils*, or a bonne farce of M. Vadé to make laugh; for the great sentiments, for the beautiful style give him M. de Lormian (although Bonapartist) or the Abbé de Lille. And for the new school! bah! these little Dumass, and Hugos, and Mussets, what is all that? "M. de Lormian shall be immortal, Monsieur," he would say, "when all these *fréluquets* are forgotten." After his marriage he frequented the coulisses of the

Opera no more ; but he was a pretty constant attendant at the Théatre Français, where you might hear him snoring over the chefs-d'œuvres of French tragedy.

For some little time after 1830, the Duchesse was as great a Carlist as her husband could wish ; and they conspired together very comfortably at first. Of an adventurous turn, eager for excitement of all kinds, nothing would have better pleased the Duchesse than to follow MADAME in her adventurous courses in La Vendée, disguised as a boy above all. She was persuaded to stay at home, however, and aid the good cause at Paris ; while Monsieur le Duc went off to Brittany to offer his old sword to the mother of his king. But MADAME was discovered up the chimney at Rennes, and all sorts of things were discovered afterwards. The world said that our silly little Duchess of Paris was partly the cause of the discovery. Spies were put upon her, and to some people she would tell anything. M. le Duc, on paying his annual visit to august exiles at Goritz, was very badly received : Madame la Dauphine gave him a sermon. He had an awful quarrel with Madame la Duchesse on returning to Paris. He provoked Monsieur le Comte Tiercelin, le beau Tiercelin, an officer of ordonnance of the Duke of Orleans into a duel, apropos of a cup of coffee in a salon ; he actually wounded the beau Tiercelin—he sixty-five years of age ! his nephew, M. de Florac, was loud in praise of his kinsman's bravery.

That pretty figure and complexion which still appear so captivating in M. Dubufe's portrait of Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, have long existed—it must be owned only in paint. "*Je la préfère à l'huile*," the Vicomte de Florac said of his cousin, "She should get her blushes from Monsieur Dubufe—those of her present furnishers are not near so natural." Sometimes the Duchess appeared with these postiches roses, sometimes of a mortal paleness. Sometimes she looked plump, on other occasions wofully thin. "When she goes into the world," said the same chronicler, "ma cousine surrounds herself with *jupons*—c'est pour défendre sa vertu : when she is in a devotional mood, she gives up rouge, roast meat, and crinoline, and *fait maigre absolument*." To spite the Duke her husband, she took up with the Vicomte de Florac, and to please herself she cast him away. She took his brother, the Abbé de Florac, for a director, and presently parted from him. "Mon frère, ce saint homme ne parle jamais de Madame la Duchesse, maintenant," said the Vicomte. "She must have confessed to him des choses affreuses—oh oui !—affreuses ma parole d'honneur ! "

The Duke d'Ivry being archiroyaliste, Madame la Duchesse must make herself ultra-Philippiste. "O oui ! tout ce qu'il-y-a de plus Madame Adélaide au monde ! " cried Florac. "She raffoles of M. le Régent. She used to keep a fast of the day of the supplice of Philippe Egalité, Saint and Martyr. I say used, for to make to enrage her husband, and to recal the Abbé my brother, did she not advise herself to consult M. le Pasteur Grigou, and to attend the preach at his Temple? When this sheep had brought her shepherd back, she dismissed the

Pasteur Grigou. Then she tired of M. l'Abbé again, and my brother is come out from her, shaking his good head. Ah! she must have put things into it which astonished the good Abbé! You know he has since taken the Dominican robe? My word of honour! I believe it was terror of her that drove him into a convent. You shall see him at Rome, Clive. Give him news of his elder, and tell him this gross prodigal is repenting amongst the swine. My word of honour! I desire but the death of Madame la Vicomtesse de Florac, to marry and range myself!

"After being Royalist, Philippist, Catholic, Huguenot, Madame d'Ivry must take to Pantheism, to bearded philosophers who believe in nothing, not even in clean linen, eclecticism, republicanism, what know I? All her changes have been chronicled by books of her composition. *Les Démons*, poem Catholic; Charles IX. is the hero, and the demons are shot for the most part at the catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. My good mother, all good Catholic as she is, was startled by the boldness of this doctrine. Then there came *Une Dragonnade*, par Mme. La Duchesse d'Ivry, which is all on your side. That was of the time, of the Pastor Grigou, that one. The last was *Les Dieux déchus*, poeme en 20 chants, par Mme. la D—— d'I. Guard yourself well from this Muse! If she takes a fancy to you, she will never leave you alone. If you see her often, she will fancy you are in love with her, and tell her husband. She always tells my uncle—afterwards—after she has quarrelled with you and grown tired of you! Eh! being in London once, she had the idea to make herself a *Quakre;* wore the costume, consulted a minister of that culte, and quarrelled with him as of rule. It appears the Quakers do not beat themselves, otherwise my poor uncle must have payed of his person.

"The turn of the philosophers then came, the chemists, the natural historians, what know I? She made a laboratory in her hotel, and rehearsed poisons like Madame de Brinvilliers—she spent hours in the Jardin des Plantes. Since she has grown *affreusement maigre* and wears mounting robes, she has taken more than ever to the idea that she resembles Mary Queen of Scots. She wears a little frill and a little cap. Every man she loves, she says, has come to misfortune. She calls her lodgings Lochleven. Eh! I pity the landlord of Lochleven! She calls ce gros Blackball vous savez, that pillar of estaminets, that prince of mauvais-ton, her Bothwell; little Mijaud, the poor little pianist, she named her Rizzio; young Lord Greenhorn who was here with his Governor, a Monsieur of Oxfort, she christened her Darnley, and the Minister Anglican, her John Knox! The poor man was quite enchanted! Beware of this haggard Syren, my little Clive!—mistrust her dangerous song! Her cave is *jonchée* with the bones of her victims. Be you not one!"

Far from causing Clive to avoid Madame la Duchesse, these cautions very likely would have made him only the more eager to make her acquaintance, but that a much nobler attraction drew him

elsewhere. At first, being introduced to Madame d'Ivry's salon, he was pleased and flattered, and behaved himself there merrily and agreeably enough. He had not studied Horace Vernet for nothing; he drew a fine picture of Kew rescuing her from the Arabs, with a plenty of sabres, pistols, bournouses, and dromedaries. He made a pretty sketch of her little girl Antoinette, and a wonderful likeness of Miss O'Grady, the little girl's governess, the mother's dame de compagnie;—Miss O'Grady, with the richest Milesian brogue, who had been engaged to give Antoinette the pure English accent. But the French lady's great eyes and painted smiles would not bear comparison with Ethel's natural brightness and beauty. Clive, who had been appointed painter in ordinary to the Queen of Scots, neglected his business, and went over to the English faction; so did one or two more of the Princess's followers, leaving her Majesty by no means well pleased at their desertion.

There had been many quarrels between M d'Ivry and his next of kin. Political differences, private differences—a long story. The Duke, who had been wild himself, could not pardon the Vicomte de Florac for being wild. Efforts at reconciliation had been made which ended unsuccessfully. The Vicomte de Florac had been allowed for a brief space to be intimate with the chief of his family, and then had been dismissed for being too intimate. Right or wrong, the Duke was jealous of all young men who approached the Duchesse. "He is suspicious," Madame de Florac indignantly said, "because he remembers: and he thinks other men are like himself." The Viscomte discreetly said, "My cousin has paid me the compliment to be jealous of me," and acquiesced in his banishment with a shrug.

During the emigration the old Lord Kew had been very kind to exiles; M. d'Ivry amongst the number; and that nobleman was anxious to return to all Lord Kew's family when they came to France the hospitality which he had received himself in England. He still remembered or professed to remember Lady Kew's beauty. How many women are there, awful of aspect, at present, of whom the same pleasing legend is not narrated? It must be true, for do not they themselves confess it? I know of few things more remarkable or suggestive of philosophic contemplation than those physical changes.

When the old Duke and the old Countess met together and talked confidentially, their conversation bloomed into a jargon wonderful to hear. Old scandals woke up, old naughtinesses rose out of their graves, and danced, and smirked, and gibbered again, like those wicked nuns whom Bertram and Robert de Diable evoke from their sepulchres whilst the bassoon performs a diabolical incantation. The Brighton Pavilion was tenanted; Ranelagh and the Pantheon swarmed with dancers and masks; Perdita was found again, and walked a minuet with the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Clarke and the Duke of York danced together—a pretty dance. The old Duke wore a *jabot* and *ailes-de-pigeon*,

the old Countess a hoop, and a cushion on her head. If haply the young folks came in, the elders modified their recollections, and Lady Kew

brought honest old King George, and good old ugly Queen Charlotte to the rescue. Her ladyship was sister of the Marquis of Steyne: and in some respects resembled that lamented nobleman. Their family had relations in France (Lady Kew had always a pied-à-terre at Paris, a bitter little scandal-shop, where *les bien-pensants* assembled and retailed the most awful stories against the reigning dynasty). It was she who handed over le petit Kiou, when quite a boy, to Monsieur and Madame d'Ivry, to be *lancé* into Parisian society. He was treated as a son of the family by the duke, one of whose many Christian names, his lordship, Francis George Xavier, Earl of Kew and Viscount Walham bears. If Lady Kew hated any one (and she could hate very considerably) she hated her daughter-in-law, Walham's widow, and the methodists who surrounded her. Kew remain among a pack of psalm-singing old women and parsons with his mother! Fi donc! Frank was Lady Kew's boy, she would form him, marry him, leave him her money if he married to her liking, and show him life. And so she showed it to him.

Have you taken your children to the National Gallery in London, and shown them the Marriage à la Mode? Was the artist exceeding the privilege of his calling in painting the catastrophe in which those guilty people all suffer? If this fable were not true, if many and many of your young men of pleasure had not acted it, and rued the moral, I would tear the page. You know that in our Nursery Tales there is commonly a good fairy to counsel, and a bad one to mislead the young prince. You perhaps feel that in your own life there is a Good Principle imploring you to come into its kind bosom, and a Bad Passion which

tempts you into its arms. Be of easy minds, good natured people! Let us disdain surprises and *coups-de-théatre* for once; and tell those good souls who are interested about him, that there is a Good Spirit coming to the rescue of our young Lord Kew.

Surrounded by her court and royal attendants, La Reine Marie used graciously to attend the play-table, where luck occasionally declared itself for and against her majesty. Her appearance used to create not a little excitement in the Saloon of Roulette, the game which she patronised, it being more "fertile of emotions" than the slower Trente et Quarante. She dreamed of numbers, had favourite incantations by which to conjure them: noted the figures made by peels of peaches and so forth, the numbers of houses, on hackney-coaches—was superstitious *comme toutes les âmes poétiques*. She commonly brought a beautiful agate bonbonnière full of gold pieces, when she played. It was wonderful to see her grimaces: to watch her behaviour: her appeals to heaven, her delight and despair. Madame la Baronne de la Cruche-cassée played on one side of her, Madame la Comtesse de Schlangenbad on the other. When she had lost all her money her majesty would condescend to borrow—not from those ladies:—knowing the royal peculiarity, they never had any money; they always lost; they swiftly pocketed their winnings and never left a mass on the table, or quitted it, as courtiers will, when they saw luck was going against their sovereign. The officers of her household were Count Punter, a Hanoverian, the Cavaliere Spada, Captain Blackball of a mysterious English regiment, which might be any one of the hundred and twenty in the army list, and other noblemen and gentlemen, Greeks, Russians, and Spaniards. Mr. and Mrs. Jones (of England) who had made the princess's acquaintance at Bagnères (where her lord still remained in the gout) and perseveringly followed her all the way to Baden; were dazzled by the splendour of the company in which they found themselves. Miss Jones wrote such letters to her dearest friend Miss Thompson, Cambridge Square, London, as caused that young person to crêver with envy. Bob Jones, who had grown a pair of mustachois since he left home, began to think slightingly of poor little Fanny Thompson, now he had got into "the best continental society." Might not he quarter a countess's coat on his brougham along with the Jones' arms, or more slap-up still, have the two shields painted on the panels with the coronet over? "Do you know the princess calls herself the Queen of Scots and she calls me Julian Avenel," says Jones delighted, to Clive, who wrote me about the transmogrification of our schoolfellow, an attorney's son whom I recollected a snivelling little boy at Grey Friars. "I say, Newcome, the princess is going to establish an order," cried Bob in ecstacy. Every one of her aides-de-camp had a bunch of orders at his button, excepting, of course, poor Jones.

Like all persons who beheld her, when Miss Newcome and her party made their appearance at Baden, Monsieur de Florac was enraptured with her beauty. "I speak of it constantly before the Duchesse. I

know it pleases her," so the Vicomte said. "You should have seen her looks when your friend M. Jones praised Miss Newcome! She ground her teeth with fury. *Tiens, ce petit sournois de Kiou!* He always spoke of her as a mere sac d'argent that he was about to marry—an ingot of the cité—une fille de Lord Maire. Have all English bankers such pearls of daughters? If the Vicomtesse de Florac had but quitted the earth, dont elle fait l'ornement—I would present myself to the charmante Meess and ride a steeple chase with Kiou!" That he should win it the Viscount never doubted.

When Lady Ann Newcome first appeared in the ball-room at Baden, Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry begged the Earl of Kew (notre filleul she called him) to present her to his aunt Miladi and her charming daughter. "My filleul had not prepared me for so much grace," she said, turning a look towards Lord Kew, which caused his lordship some embarrassment. Her kindness and graciousness were extreme. Her caresses and compliments never ceased all the evening. She told the mother and the daughter too that she had never seen any one so lovely as Ethel. Whenever she saw Lady Ann's children in the walks she ran to them (so that Captain Blackball and Count Punter, A.D.C., were amazed at her tenderness) she étouffed them with kisses. What lilies and roses! What lovely little creatures! What companions for her own Antoinette. "This is your governess, Miss Quigli, Mademoiselle you must let me present you to Miss O'Grédi, your compatriot, and I hope your children will be always together." The Irish Protestant governess scowled at the Irish Catholic—there was a Boyne Water between them.

Little Antoinette, a lonely little girl, was glad to find any companions. "Mamma kisses me on the promenade," she told them in her artless way. "She never kisses me at home." One day when Lord Kew with Florac and Clive were playing with the children, Antoinette said, "Pourquoi ne venez vous plus chez nous, M. de Kew? And why does Mamma say you are a lâche? She said so yesterday to ces Messieurs. And why does Mamma say thou art only a vaurien, mon cousin? Thou art always very good for me. I love thee better than all those Messieurs. Ma tante Florac a été bonne pour moi à Paris aussi—Ah! qu'elle a été bonne!"

"C'est que les anges aiment bien les petits chérubins, and my mother is an angel, seest thou," cries Florac, kissing her.

"Thy mother is not dead," said little Antoinette, "then why dost thou cry, my cousin?" And the three spectators were touched by this little scene and speech.

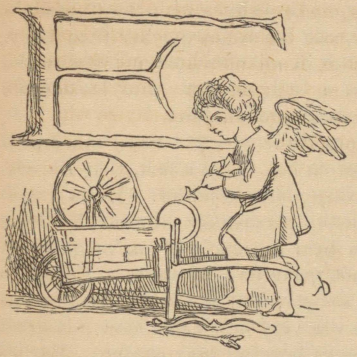
Lady Ann Newcome received the caresses and compliments of Madame la Duchesse, with marked coldness on the part of one commonly so very good natured. Ethel's instinct told her that there was something wrong in this woman, and she shrank from her with haughty reserve. The girl's conduct was not likely to please the French lady, but she never relaxed in her smiles and her compliments,

her caresses, and her professions of admiration. She was present when Clara Pulleyn fell; and, prodigal of *câlineries* and consolation, and shawls and scent bottles, to the unhappy young lady, she would accompany her home. She inquired perpetually after the health of *cette pauvre petite Miss Clara*. O, how she railed against *ces Anglaises* and their prudery! Can you fancy her and her circle, the tea-table set in the twilight that evening, the court assembled, Madame de la Cruchecassée and Madame de Schlangenbad; and their whiskered humble servants, Baron Punter, and Count Spada, and Marquis Iago, and Prince Iachimo, and worthy Captain Blackball? Can you fancy a moonlight conclave, and ghouls feasting on the fresh corpse of a reputation:—the jibes and sarcasms, the laughing and the gnashing of teeth? How they tear the dainty limbs, and relish the tender morsels!

"The air of this place is not good for you, believe me, my little Kew; it is dangerous. Have pressing affairs in England; let your chateau burn down; or your intendant run away, and pursue him. Partez, mon petit Kiou; partez, or evil will come of it." Such was the advice which a friend of Lord Kew gave the young nobleman

CHAPTER XXXII.

BARNES'S COURTSHIP.



ETHEL had made various attempts to become intimate with her future sister-in-law; had walked, and ridden, and talked with Lady Clara before Barnes's arrival. She had come away not very much impressed with respect for Lady Clara's mental powers; indeed we have said that Miss Ethel was rather more prone to attack women than to admire them, and was a little hard upon the fashionable young persons of her acquaintance and sex. In after life, care and thought subdued her pride, and she learned to look at society more good naturedly; but at this time, and for some years after, she was impatient of common-place people, and did not choose to conceal her scorn. Lady Clara was very much afraid of her. Those timid little thoughts, which would come out, and frisk and gambol with pretty graceful antics, and advance confidingly at the sound of Jack Belsize's jolly voice, and nibble crumbs out of his hand, shrank away before Ethel, severe nymph with the bright eyes, and hid themselves under the thickets and in the shade Who has not overheard a simple couple of girls, or of lovers possibly, pouring out their little hearts, laughing at their own little jokes, prattling and prattling away unceasingly, until mamma appears with her awful didactic countenance, or the governess with her dry moralities, and the colloquy straightway ceases, the laughter stops, the chirp of the harmless little birds is hushed. Lady Clara being of a timid nature, stood in as much awe of Ethel as of her father and mother; whereas her next sister, a brisk young creature of seventeen, who was of the order of romps or tomboys, was by no means afraid of Miss Newcome, and indeed a much greater favourite with her than her placid elder sister.

Young ladies may have been crossed in love, and have had their sufferings, their frantic moments of grief and tears, their wakeful

nights, and so forth; but it is only in very sentimental novels that people occupy themselves perpetually with that passion: and, I believe, what are called broken hearts, are very rare articles indeed. Tom is jilted—is for a while in a dreadful state—bores all his male acquaintance with his groans and his frenzy—rallies from the complaint—eats his dinner very kindly—takes an interest in the next turf event, and is found at Newmarket, as usual, bawling out the odds which he will give or take. Miss has her paroxysm and recovery—Madame Crinoline's new importations from Paris interest the young creature—she deigns to consider whether pink or blue will become her most—she conspires with her maid to make the spring morning dresses answer for the autumn—she resumes her books, piano, and music (giving up certain songs perhaps that she used to sing)—she waltzes with the Captain—gets a colour—waltzes longer, better, and ten times quicker than Lucy, who is dancing with the Major—replies in an animated manner to the Captain's delightful remarks—takes a little supper—and looks quite kindly at him before she pulls up the carriage windows.

Clive may not like his cousin Barnes Newcome, and many other men share in that antipathy, but all ladies do not. It is a fact, that Barnes, when he likes, can make himself a very pleasant fellow. He is dreadfully satirical, that is certain; but many persons are amused by those dreadful satirical young men: and to hear fun made of our neighbours, even of some of our friends, does not make us very angry. Barnes is one of the very best waltzers in all society, that is the truth; whereas it must be confessed Some One Else was very heavy and slow, his great foot always crushing you, and he always begging your pardon. Barnes whirls a partner round a room ages after she is ready to faint. What wicked fun he makes of other people when he stops! He is not handsome, but in his face there is something odd-looking and distinguished. It is certain he has beautiful small feet and hands.

He comes every day from the city, drops in, in his quiet unobtrusive way, and drinks tea at five o'clock; always brings a budget of the funniest stories with him, makes mamma laugh, Clara laugh, Henrietta, who is in the school-room still, die of laughing. Papa has the highest opinion of Mr. Newcome as a man of business: if he had had such a friend in early life his affairs would not be where they now are, poor dear kind papa! Do they want to go anywhere, is not Mr. Newcome always ready? Did he not procure that delightful room for them to witness the Lord Mayor's show; and make Clara die of laughing at those odd city people at the Mansion House ball? He is at every party, and never tired though he gets up so early: he waltzes with nobody else: he is always there to put Lady Clara in the carriage: at the drawing-room he looked quite *handsome* in his uniform of the Newcome Hussars, bottle-green and silver lace: he speaks politics so *exceedingly* well with papa and gentlemen after dinner: he is a sound conservative, full of practical good sense and information, with no dangerous newfangled ideas, such as young men have. When poor dear Sir Bryan

Newcome's health gives way quite, Mr. Newcome will go into parliament, and then he will resume the old barony which has been in abeyance in the family since the reign of Richard the Third. They had fallen quite, quite low. Mr. Newcome's grandfather came to London with a satchel on his back, like Whittington. Isn't it romantic?

This process has been going on for months. It is not in one day that poor Lady Clara has been made to forget the past, and to lay aside her mourning. Day after day, very likely, the undeniable faults and many piccadilloes of—of that other person, have been exposed to her. People around the young lady may desire to spare her feelings, but can have no interest in screening poor Jack from condign reprobation. A wild prodigal—a disgrace to his order—a son of old Highgate's leading such a life, and making such a scandal! Lord Dorking believes Mr. Belsize to be an abandoned monster and fiend in human shape; gathers and relates all the stories that ever have been told to the young man's disadvantage, and of these be sure there are enough, and speaks of him with transports of indignation. At the end of months of unwearied courtship, Mr. Barnes Newcome is honestly accepted, and Lady Clara is waiting for him at Baden, not unhappy to receive him; when walking on the promenade with her father, the ghost of her dead love suddenly rises before her, and the young lady faints to the ground.

When Barnes Newcome thinks fit he can be perfectly placable in his demeanour and delicate in his conduct. What he said upon this painful subject was delivered with the greatest propriety. He did not for one moment consider that Lady Clara's agitation arose from any present feeling in Mr. Belsize's favour, but that she was naturally moved by the remembrance of the past, and the sudden appearance which recalled it. "And but that a lady's name should never be made the subject of dispute between men," Newcome said to Lord Dorking, with great dignity, "and that Captain Belsize has opportunely quitted the place, I should certainly have chastised him. He and another adventurer, against whom I have had to warn my own family, have quitted Baden this afternoon. I am glad that both are gone, Captain Belsize especially; for my temper, my lord, is hot, and I do not think I should have commanded it."

Lord Kew, when the elder lord informed him of this admirable speech of Barnes Newcome's, upon whose character, prudence, and dignity the Earl of Dorking pronounced a fervent eulogium, shook his head gravely, and said, "Yes, Barnes was a dead shot, and a most determined fellow:" and did not burst out laughing until he and Lord Dorking had parted. Then to be sure he took his fill of laughter, he told the story to Ethel, he complimented Barnes on his heroic self-denial; the joke of the thundering big stick was nothing to it. Barnes Newcome laughed too; he had plenty of humour, Barnes. "I think you might have whopped Jack when he came out from his interview with the Dorkings," Kew said: "the poor devil was

so bewildered and weak, that Alfred might have thrashed him. At other times you would find it more difficult, Barnes my man." Mr. B. Newcome resumed his dignity; said a joke was a joke, and there was quite enough of this one; which assertion we may be sure he conscientiously made.

That meeting and parting between the old lovers passed with a great deal of calm and propriety on both sides. Miss's parents of course were present when Jack at their summons waited upon them and their daughter, and made his hang-dog bow. My Lord Dorking said (poor Jack in the anguish of his heart, had poured out the story to Clive Newcome afterwards), "Mr. Belsize, I have to apologise for words which I used in my heat yesterday, and which I recall and regret, as I am sure you do that there should have been any occasion for them."

Mr. Belsize looking at the carpet said he was very sorry.

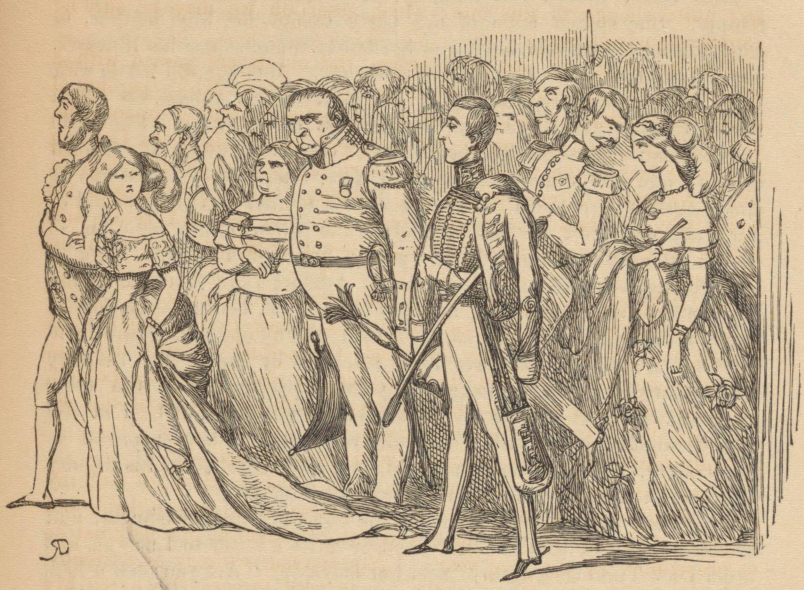
Lady Dorking here remarked, that as Captain Belsize was now at Baden, he might wish to hear from Lady Clara Pulleyn's own lips that the engagement into which she had entered was formed by herself, certainly with the consent and advice of her family. Is it not so, my dear?"

Lady Clara said "Yes mamma," with a low curtsy.

"We have now to wish you good bye, Charles Belsize," said my lord, with some feeling. "As your relative, and your father's old friend, I wish you well. I hope your future course in life may not be so unfortunate as the past year. I request that we may part friends. Good bye, Charles. Clara, shake hands with Captain Belsize. My Lady Dorking, you will please to give Charles your hand. You have known him since he was a child; and—and—we are sorry to be obliged to part in this way." In this wise Mr. Jack Belsize's tooth was finally extracted; and for the moment we wish him and his brother patient a good journey.

Little lynx-eyed Dr. Von Finck, who attends most of the polite company at Baden, drove ceaselessly about the place that day, with the *real* version of the fainting-fit story, about which we may be sure the wicked and malicious, and the uninitiated, had a hundred absurd details. Lady Clara ever engaged to Captain Belsize? Fiddle-dee-dee! Everybody knew the Captain's affairs, and that he could no more think of marrying than flying. Lady Clara faint at seeing him! she fainted before he came up; she was always fainting, and had done so thrice in the last week to his knowledge. Lord Dorking had a nervous affection of his right arm, and was always shaking his stick. He did not say Villain, he said William; Captain Belsize's name is William. It is not so in the peerage? Is he called Jack in the peerage? Those peerages are always wrong. These candid explanations of course had their effect. Wicked tongues were of course instantaneously silent. People were entirely satisfied; they always are. The next night being Assembly night, Lady Clara appeared at

the rooms, and danced with Lord Kew and Mr. Barnes Newcome. All the society was as gracious and good-humoured as possible, and there



was no more question of fainting, than of burning down the Conversation house. But Madame de Cruchecassée, and Madame de Schlangenbad, and those horrid people whom the men speak to, but whom the women salute with silent curtseys, persisted in declaring that there was no prude like an English prude; and to Dr. Finck's oaths, assertions, explanations, only replied, with a shrug of their bold shoulders, "Taisez vous, Docteur, vous n'ete qu'une vieille bête."

Lady Kew was at the rooms, uncommonly gracious. Miss Ethel took a few turns of the waltz with Lord Kew, but this nymph looked more *farouche* than upon ordinary days. Bob Jones, who admired her hugely, asked leave to waltz with her, and entertained her with recollections of Clive Newcome at school. He remembered a fight in which Clive had been engaged, and recounted that action to Miss Newcome, who seemed to be interested. He was pleased to deplore Clive's fancy for turning artist, and that Miss Newcome recommended him to have his likeness taken, for she said his appearance was exceedingly picturesque. He was going on with farther prattle, but she suddenly cut Mr. Jones short, making him a bow, and going to sit down by Lady Kew. "And the next day, sir," said Bob, with whom the present writer had the happiness of dining at a mess dinner at the Upper Temple, "when I met her on the walk, sir, she cut me as

dead as a stone. The airs those swells give themselves is enough to make any man turn republican."

Miss Ethel indeed was haughty, very haughty, and of a difficult temper. She spared none of her party except her kind mother, to whom Ethel always was kind, and her father, whom, since his illnesses, she tended with much benevolence and care. But she did battle with Lady Kew repeatedly, coming to her aunt Julia's rescue, on whom her mother as usual exercised her powers of torturing. She made Barnes quail before her by the shafts of contempt which she flashed at him; and she did not spare Lord Kew, whose good-nature was no shield against her scorn. The old queen mother was fairly afraid of her; she even left off beating Lady Julia when Ethel came in, of course taking her revenge in the young girl's absence, but trying in her presence to sooth and please her. Against Lord Kew the young girl's anger was most unjust, and the more cruel, because the kindly young nobleman never spoke a hard word of any one mortal soul, and carrying no arms, should have been assaulted by none. But his very good-nature seemed to make his young opponent only the more wrathful; she shot because his honest breast was bare; it bled at the wounds which she inflicted. Her relatives looked at her surprised at her cruelty, and the young man himself was shocked in his dignity and best feelings by his cousin's wanton ill humour.

Lady Kew fancied she understood the cause of this peevishness, and remonstrated with Miss Ethel. "Shall we write a letter to Lucerne, and order Dick Tinto back again?" said her ladyship. "Are you such a fool, Ethel, as to be hankering after that young scapegrace, and his yellow beard? His drawings are very pretty. Why, I think he might earn a couple of hundred a year as a teacher, and nothing would be easier than to break your engagement with Kew, and whistle the drawing-master back again."

Ethel took up the whole heap of Clive's drawings, lighted a taper, carried the drawings to the fire-place, and set them in a blaze. "A very pretty piece of work," says Lady Kew, "and which proves satisfactorily that you don't care for the young Clive at all. Have we arranged a correspondence? We are cousins you know; we may write pretty cousinly letters to one another." A month before the old lady would have attacked her with other arms than sarcasm, but she was scared now, and dared to use no coarser weapons. "O!" cried Ethel in a transport, "what a life ours is, and how you buy and sell, and haggle over your children! It is not Clive I care about, poor boy. Our ways of life are separate. I cannot break from my own family, and I know very well how you would receive him in it. Had he money, it would be different. You would receive him, and welcome him, and hold out your hands to him; but he is only a poor painter, and we forsooth are bankers in the city; and he comes among us on sufferance, like those concert-singers whom mamma treats with so much politeness, and who go down and have supper by themselves. Why should they not be as good as we are?"

"M. de C——, my dear, is of a noble family," interposed Lady Kew; "when he has given up singing and made his fortune, no doubt he can go back into the world again."

"Made his fortune, yes," Ethel continued, "that is the cry. There never were, since the world began, people so unblushingly sordid! We own it, and are proud of it. We barter rank against money, and money against rank, day after day. Why did you marry my father to my mother? Was it for his wit? You know he might have been an angel and you would have scorned him. Your daughter was bought with papa's money as surely as ever Newcome was. Will there be no day when this mammon worship will cease among us?"

"Not in my time or yours, Ethel," the elder said, not unkindly; perhaps she thought of a day long ago before she was old herself.

"We are sold," the young girl went on, "we are as much sold as Turkish women; the only difference being that our masters may have but one Circassian at a time. No, there is no freedom for us. I wear my green ticket, and wait till my master comes. But every day as I think of our slavery, I revolt against it more. That poor wretch, that poor girl whom my brother is to marry, why did she not revolt and fly? I would, if I loved a man sufficiently, loved him better than the world, than wealth, than rank, than fine houses and titles,—and I feel I love these best,—I would give up all to follow him. But what can I be with my name and my parents? I belong to the world like all the rest of my family, It is you who have bred us up; you who are answerable for us. Why are there no convents to which we can fly? You make a fine marriage for me; you provide me with a good husband, a kind soul, not very wise, but very kind; you make me what you call happy, and I would rather be at the plough like the women here."

"No, you wouldn't, Ethel," replies the grandmother, drily. "These are the fine speeches of school girls. The showers of rain would spoil your complexion—you would be perfectly tired in an hour, and come back to luncheon—you belong to your belongings, my dear, and are not better than the rest of the world:—very good looking, as you know perfectly well, and not very good tempered. It is lucky that Kew is. Calm your temper, at least before marriage; such a prize does not fall to a pretty girl's lot every day. Why, you sent him away quite scared by your cruelty; and if he is not playing at roulette, or at billiards, I daresay he is thinking what a little termagant you are, and that he had best pause while it is yet time. Before I was married, your poor grandfather never knew I had a temper; of after-days I say nothing; but trials are good for all of us, and he bore his like an angel."

Lady Kew, too, on this occasion, at least, was admirably good-humoured. She also when it was necessary could put a restraint on her temper, and having this match very much at heart, chose to coax and to soothe her grand-daughter rather than to endeavour to scold and frighten her.

"Why do you desire this marriage so much, grandmamma," the girl

asked. "My cousin is not very much in love,—at least I should fancy not," she added, blushing. "I am bound to own Lord Kew is not in the least eager, and I think if you were to tell him to wait for five years, he would be quite willing. Why should you be so very anxious?"

"Why, my dear? Because I think young ladies who want to go and work in the fields, should make hay while the sun shines; because I think it is high time that Kew should *ranger* himself; because I am sure he will make the best husband, and Ethel the prettiest Countess in England." And the old lady, seldom exhibiting any signs of affection, looked at her grand-daughter very fondly. From her Ethel looked up into the glass, which very likely repeated on its shining face the truth her elder had just uttered. Shall we quarrel with the girl for that dazzling reflection; for owning that charming truth, and submitting to the conscious triumph? Give her her part of vanity, of youth, of desire to rule and be admired. Meanwhile Mr. Clive's drawings have been crackling in the fire-place at her feet, and the last spark of that combustion is twinkling out unheeded.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

Indigestion is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate, appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence or malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste, were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthly OLD AGE.

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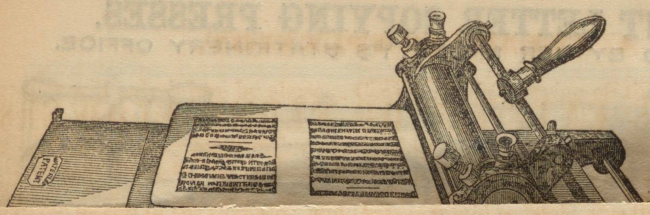

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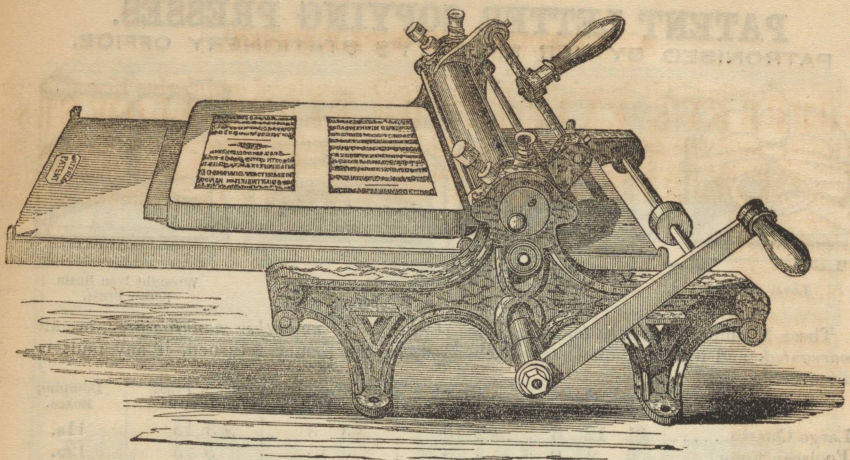

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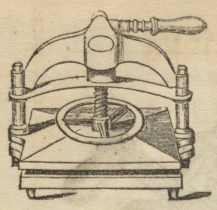

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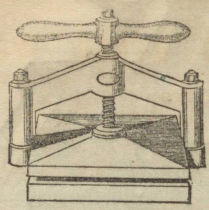

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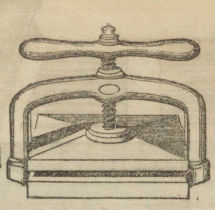

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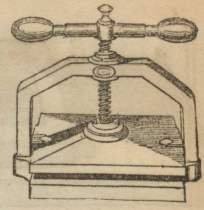

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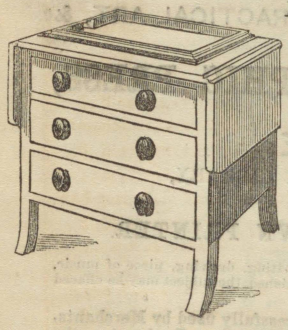

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